

THE  
AFFECTING HISTORY  
OF THE  
**CHILDREN**  
IN THE WOOD.



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PUBLISHED BY W. & S. E. IVES.  
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BY CLARA ENGLISH.



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A GOOD little boy, whose name was Edgar, and his sister, whose name was Jane were the children of a gentleman and lady who lived in Norfolk. Edgar and Jane were often told, that happiness depended on goodness; and that, to be good and happy, they must love each other, and never quarrel. Admired by every body for their dutiful behaviour to their father and mother, and their affection to each other, they were still in their infant years, when they had the misfortune of losing their kind parents.

Was not this a sad thing for little Edgar and Jane? Indeed it was, and although very young, they were exceedingly grieved when their poor, sick father and mother were



dying. Together in the parlour, one morning, during their parents' illness, Jane said to her brother:

*Jane.* Edgar, will you come and play with me?

*Edgar.* Yes, sister, but what shall we play at? we must not make a noise while papa and mamma are ill.

*Jane.* Well then, I will put away my dulcimer and my ball, and make Dolly a frock and a cap.

*Edgar.* And here, sister, is the book my aunt gave me: while you work, I will read you a story.

*Jane.* Oh, thank you brother; I shall like to hear the story about the Little Girl and the Eagle.

*Edgar.* Oh, Jane, you have heard that one a great many times. I will read to you about the Boy and the Robin. Shall I, sister?



*Jane.* Yes, brother, and tell me afterwards about the Girl and Eagle.

*Edgar.* Very well: now listen to

### THE BOY AND THE ROBIN,

*An amusing Story.*

There was once a little boy, named Charles, who was very fond of birds, and because he was good and dilligent at school, his father bought him a pretty canary bird, that could sing delightfully, and a bullfinch

that could both talk and sing so well, that he amused all the company who came to the house. Being great favourites, they were kept in the parlour in fine gilt cages. At dawn of day, they began to warble. This sweet music always waked Charles, who was obliged to rise early to attend school. It was now no longer necessary to ring the bell, which summoned Charles to his duty; the pretty warblers let him know, that he must waste no more time in bed. School was a mile distant, so, in the summer time, he left home at five o'clock in the morning, and in the winter at seven. It was cold frosty weather, when Charles was trudging across the fields, with his satchel on his back. The ground was all covered with snow, and the trees and hedges were so white, that the birds hid themselves in the hedges, and if they ventured out to seek for food, the sportsman's gun stopped their flight, and put an



end to the life of these harmless, little creatures. Charles was very sorry to see them killed, and said, that he would never amuse himself with such a cruel diversion. Well, as Charles was going across the fields to school, a Robin Redbreast flew out of the hedge, and perched upon his shoulder, then it hopped after him until he came to the stile. Charles had in his pocket some gingerbread, that was given him by his mother, so he broke it into very small pieces, and fed this pretty sociable bird. He was unwilling to leave his little companion; but, as his master had desired him always to come early to school, he could not stop to play in the field. So he made haste to school and learned his lesson, and when he returned home, he begged of his father to let him have a cage for the Robin; he said he was sure he could catch it, it was so tame. But his father told him, that it would be cruel to

confine it in a cage, and as it had sought protection of him during the inclement season, he must not deprive the poor thing of its liberty. The canary and bullfinch, he told him, had always been accustomed to confinement; for that reason, if he gave them plenty of seed and water, they would live very happily in their fine gilt cages; but the pretty Robin will not like to be a prisoner. Charles then asked his father how he should take care of the Robin who had flown to him for protection? You may bring him home, Charles, and let him fly in the great hall, but remember to feed him every day. Charles assured his father, that this he would never forget. With the expectation of meeting his sociable companion, he rose earlier than usual the next morning, although it was a very hard frost, and much snow had fallen in the night. In vain, however, he walked very slowly through the field, to look for

Redbreast. Charles returned home disappointed. It was too cold for Robin to venture out. The following morning, Charles went again to the field. After walking up and down two or three times, and peeping very often into the hedge, out flew Robin,



and perched upon his shoulder. Charles was very glad to see him again. Very gen-

tly he took him in his hand, then he gave him some crumbs of bread, which he had brought on purpose for him. Poor thing, it was so hungry, that it soon ate up all the bread, for the weather was so cold, that it had had nothing since Charles gave it the gingerbread. It lived very happily in the great hall all the winter, and Charles was delighted to hear its soft note, for he did not know that a Robin could sing. In the spring, when the leaves were on the trees, and the meadows were covered with green, Robin Redbreast quitted his sheltered habitation, and winged his flight to the woods. Charles regretted the absence of his little friendly companion; but, as he had the pleasure of seeing him in the field frequently, when he went to school, he hoped he might again afford him protection in the ensuing winter.

*Jane.* Go on, brother.

*Edgar.* There is no more, Jane; I have finished the story.

*Jane.* I am sorry that it is the end. I should like to know if the Robin ever came back to Charles.

*Edgar.* So should I. I love Robin Redbreast.

*Jane.* If Robin came here, we would give him some bread and some cake.

*Edgar.* Oh, Jane, what pretty bird is that picking at the window? I believe it is Redbreast.

*Jane.* Let us open the window, Edgar, and it will come in. Pretty creature, it seems very hungry.

*Edgar.* I am afraid it will fly away, when we open the window.

*Jane.* We will open it very softly: oh, it is gone, we have frightened it!

*Edgar.* Well don't let us make a noise, Jane; perhaps it will come back presently.



*Jane.* I think I see it in that high tree.

*Edgar.* Yes, it is coming: now it is in the bush. If I put the cake outside the window, I dare say it will return.

*Jane.* Here it is, brother; I am very glad.



*Edgar.* Don't frighten it sister: oh, how prettily it pecks! it pecks out of my hand.

*Jane.* And, brother, it eats too what I gave it. It has almost pecked up all the cake.

*Edgar.* Then I will get it some more.

*Jane.* Brother, brother, it is gone.

*Edgar.* Oh, dear! Pretty Robin, I wish it would come and stay with me, as it did with Charles.

*Jane.* It will not; it is quite gone, brother; I see it a great way off.

*Edgar.* I am very sorry; I hope it will come again. Now I will read another story, but I can't find my book.

*Jane.* Why, Edgar, here it is under the table.

*Edgar.* I will look for the story of the Little Girl and eagle. Sister, that is the one you like best.

*Jane.* That is very pretty; but the Boy and the Robin is prettier: I never heard it before. The cruel eagle, I am afraid, would kill Robin Redbreast.

*Edgar.* Yes, sister, that it would and eat it too; but I hope Robin will hide itself

in the trees and hedges, that are now full of leaves. Look out of the window for Robin, while I read.

*Jane.* Yes, brother.

#### THE

### LITTLE GIRL AND THE EAGLE.

Very far down in the country, lived a poor woman, who had only one little girl, named Ellen. Their dwelling was a small cottage, in the middle of a field. As Ellen's mother had no money, but what she worked for, she employed herself in knitting stockings: these she carried to town to sell, and, with what she received for her work, she bought herself and her child bread and milk. This was all they had to live upon. However, the poor woman was very industrious, and, besides her scanty portion of food, she sometimes contrived to buy a few chickens. She put them in a basket and re-

turned home, and Ellen fed them every day. This was not all that Ellen did: she learned to knit, and she could work almost well enough to assist her mother.

When the chickens were grown up, the poor woman went to market and sold them. With this money she bought a pretty little lamb. When she returned home, the little lamb began frisking about the field; and Ellen, delighted with her new play-fellow, amused herself in running after it. When Ellen was tired, she sat down and went to work; and the lamb, no longer inclined to jump about alone, reposed itself by her side under a large oak tree. One hot summer's day, when Ellen had skipped round the field, until she was quite fatigued, she rested herself, as usual, under the shady oak; she was scarcely seated, when she saw in the air a very large black thing. Ellen did not know that it was a bird. for never before

had she seen one so large: and, perhaps, no little girl or boy would have known that it was an eagle, which is a large bird of prey. From its size it is called the King of the Birds, and it devours hares, rabbits, and lambs. Its beak and tallons are remarkably strong. Ellen was very much frightened, as any other little girl or boy would have been, to see this great voracious eagle dart upon the poor harmless lamb, and mount again into the sky with rapid flight, carrying it off with as much ease as a sparrow would a fly. The poor woman was sitting at her cottage door, when the eagle seized its prey, and she was very sorry, for she never more expected to see her little lamb. Ellen, surprised and frightened, ran to her mother, and cried sadly for the loss of Friskabout, as she called it; but she was much more grieved, when her mother told her that the eagle would carry Friskabout to its nest, and devour it. Ellen then asked



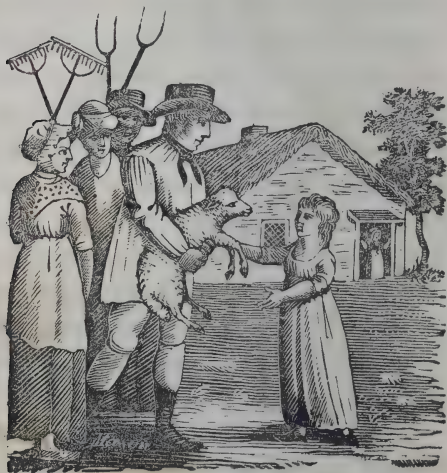


if the eagle's nest could not be found, and the lamb taken away. Her mother said, "that eagles did not make their nests in trees and hedges, like little birds, but in the side of some high rock or mountain, where it is very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to get at them." "Very likely," she added, "the eagle we have just seen has its nest in

Mount Huge-Top, about two miles distant. Ellen, I have never taken you there, because it is too steep for you to climb at present; besides, as you are a little girl, if the eagle were hungry he would perhaps eat you up." When Ellen heard this, she did not wish any more to go to Mount Huge-Top, though her mother had often promised to show her the sea and the ships, from this high rock. Never again did the poor woman expect to see her pretty lamb; for the eagle was winging away as fast as it could. It pursued its course over some fields where there were haymakers. The haymakers had worked very hard all the morning, and they were resting themselves on a rick of hay they had just finished stacking, when down came the lamb and made them all jump. The eagle's sharp eyes, perhaps, saw some other prey, and forgetting *that* he had already secured, let it fall from his talons. Friskabout had a nice soft tum

ble as you may suppose, and the eagle had not hurt him, only pulled a little wool off his back; but his journey through the air, and his fall, made him begin to baa, baa. Then the haymakers caressed him, and as they were good honest people, they enquired at all the farm-houses, who had lost a lamb? Every body said, It is not mine, It is not mine. So the haymakers determined to carry it home and take care of it. As they were passing the poor woman's cottage, Ellen was peeping out of the broken casement, crying; so they said to her, What do you cry for, little girl? What is your name? My name is Ellen, said she, and a great eagle has taken away Friskabout, to eat him up. Then she cried again sadly, and her tears hindered her from seeing the lamb under the haymaker's arm. But he said to her: Come, Ellen, do not cry any more, here is Friskabout, alive and merry, give him some dinner now for I dare say he

is hungry; and take care the eagle does not come to him again. Ellen, overjoyed, took



the lamb and led it to her mother, who was much surprised to see it, and enquired how she got it. When Ellen had told her, she ran after the haymakers to thank them, and to enquire how they had saved it. They

told her, that the eagle had fortunately let it fall on the hay-stack, and that they had been seeking the owner, whom they were happy to have found. Then the poor woman gave them two-pence for their trouble, all the money she had in her pocket. When she returned home, Ellen was feeding Friskabout with a bason of bread and milk which was prepared for her own dinner, and the rest of the day she amused herself in the cottage with Friskabout, for she was afraid of venturing into the field.

*Jane.* I am very glad that Ellen had got her lamb again. The eagle is a cruel bird.

*Edgar.* So he is. We never saw an eagle, so we can look at this picture.

*Jane.* What a great creature! he is not so pretty as Robin.

Their attention was fixed on the picture of the eagle, when one of the servants, with tears in his eyes, came and told them. that



their poor father and mother, who were dying had sent for them up stairs. They did not know what dying meant, so they left the parlour, happy to go to their kind parents.

The children on entering the room ran to embrace them, and while they were proving the affection of their innocent hearts, they burst into tears, for they now saw their father and mother worse than ever; very pale, and hardly able to speak. "My dear children," said the father, in a feeble voice, "I sent for you to receive my last blessing, as it is the will of Almighty God that I should shortly leave you. He is the only giver of all good: pray to him night and morning for his protection. This, my dear children, I have often told you; but remember now, that I can never tell it you again."

His feeble voice was almost exhausted, but, pausing, he revived again and added, "When I am in my grave, your uncle will

take you home to his house; you must then obey him as you do me, and, I hope you will always be good and happy." He was quite tired with this exertion, for he had but a few minutes longer to live. Tenderly embracing them again and again, he bid them adieu, until they should meet in another world.— Scarcely had he uttered these words, when his weeping infants beheld him close his eyes in death. This gentleman's brother, the children's uncle, had come to visit him during his illness. He recommended the children to his care, telling him, that he had no other friend on earth, and, unless he were good to his boy and girl, they might be greatly injured. "You must," said he, "be father, mother, and uncle, all in one; for I know not what will become of our dear children when we are dead and gone." Their mother then begged of him to be very kind to their sweet babes "On you," said she.

“ dear brother, depends our children’s happiness, or misery, in this world, and God will reward you according as you act towards them.” With many tears she bid Edgar and Jane farewell; clasping them in her arms, and commending them to the protection of the



Almighty, she reclined her head on the pillow, repeating “ God bless you! God bless you my dear children!” After saying this she was never heard to speak again.

The uncle had promised his brother and sister, that he would do all they had asked of him; but how faithfully he kept his promise, will be seen by and by. He lived in a fine house, surrounded by a large park, a great many miles distant; so he ordered his servants to prepare the carriage, that he might take home these little orphans to his elegant mansion. In the mean time he opened his brother's will, which made him the guardian of the property left for Edgar and Jane. Edgar was to inherit three hundred pounds a year, when he was of age; and Jane's portion was five hundred pounds in gold, to be given her on the day she was married; but, in case they died while infants, their uncle was to take possession of the whole fortune.

All the neighbours were much grieved for the death of this gentleman and lady. The rich regretted the loss of two worthy friends,

whose society was always pleasing and agreeable; while the poor lamented them, because that they were deprived of kind and benevolent protectors. The little orphans were still weeping, when their uncle sent for them, and bid them cry no more. They remembered their father's dying words, which charged them to obey their uncle, so they wiped away their tears, though they remained very dull for a long time afterwards. The carriage was now ready to convey them to their uncle's seat, and with heavy hearts they left their native home.

After travelling about ten miles, they stopped at a little village for the coachman to refresh his horses. As Edgar and Jane were regretting the loss of their good parents, they had not been cheerful on their journey, as usual, so their uncle determined to stay here about an hour, and strive to amuse them by walking about. It was a pretty place, and,





being the residence of several wealthy families, was adorned with elegant houses, and grounds beautifully laid out. On alighting from the carriage, they enquired the name of this delightful Village. It was the Vale of Content. The beauty and good order of it were really remarkable; and, notwithstanding the number of poor cottages, there was

not one beggar or idle person. Now, how do you think this happened? —Because that the rich took care to assist the poor, and see that their children were well employed as soon as they were able to work: and this was the reason that the inhabitants were all happy, and that they called their residence the Vale of Content. A few years since, a large commodious work-house was erected for the reception of those poor, whom age or illness rendered burdons to their families. Here were, likewise, received all the poor little boys and girls, who had lost their parents; and these helpless orphans were supported and educated at the expense of the parish. Edgar and Jane were passing this building, while the children were amusing themselves. Some were playing at trap and ball, some at marbles, whilst others were reading little story books, which had been given them as a reward for their dilligence. At the sound of

a bell they all quitted their amusements, and returned into the house to employ themselves in reading or writing, and be instructed in those trades by which they were to gain their livelihood in future. They were now all



assembled, and the spinning wheels and weaving machines began to move so briskly, that

the noise very much surprised Edgar and Jane, who stood peeping through the rails. One of the overseers drew near the window to pull down the sash, and observing the three strangers, begged of them to walk in. Very willingly they accepted the invitation, and ascending a few steps, they entered a long room, on one side of which were placed the spinners, and on the other side the weavers. The spinning consisted of wool, which was brought here in large quantities, at the time of sheep-shearing. This store lasted all the winter, until the returning season for collecting this useful commodity. Some were employed in picking and combing it, while others, standing at wheels made on purpose for children, prepared it for weaving and knitting.

When spun it is called *Worsted*, from a town in Norfolk, famous for woollen manufactures. The art of weaving was brought

into England in the year 1331, and having been much practised ever since, is now arrived to very great perfection. The loom, and the machine, by which the balls of worsted were wound into skeins, were considered very wonderful inventions by the travellers, who had never seen such a manufactory before. The spinners, the winders, and the weavers would have engaged their attention longer, had they not been asked to visit other rooms, where reading, writing, and knitting were going forwards. All they saw amused them very much: but, at last, their uncle summoned them to leave this little seat of industry, and to return to the carriage; for, he said he was afraid they would scarcely reach his house before the close of the day. With that prompt obedience which all good children show, even to the wish of a parent, they instantly complied, and, accompanied by their uncle, left this well ordered school

of industry. In repassing the Vale of Content, Edgar and Jane again admired the beauty, the order, and the neatness that reigned there. But their uncle who had no taste for the simple pleasures which appeared to favour the happiness of the people in this village, hastened the children on to the carriage. The coach drove fast, and, about seven o'clock in the evening, they reached an elegant, spacious mansion, placed in an extensive park, which was well stocked with deer. Their uncle now told them that this was his dwelling, and that it was called *Bashaw Castle*. They all alighted from the carriage; and the children being wearied with their day's excursion, even novelty lost, with them, all power of attraction, and they immediately begged permission to go to bed; so they wished their uncle good night, and Betty, the housemaid, lighted them up to their chambers. Like good children, who had been well in-

structed, they immediately knelt down and said their prayers, for no fatigue could make them forget this duty. But though so tired, instead of falling asleep directly, as might have been expected, the stillness of the night, and the gloom which, to weak minds, seems always attendant on darkness, brought back to their minds the remembrance of their beloved parents, who were now, alas! lost to them forever. Many a tear did they shed at this recollection; but sleep at length overpowered them: and, in the morning, they arose with the lively, happy spirits of youth. They now descended, hand in hand, walked about, and gazed at all the fine things they saw; they looked with astonishment at the spacious halls, the lofty chambers, the extensive flower gardens, and the fine hot-houses.

How different is all this, said Edgar, from my father's small house, his nice <sup>old</sup> hard, and pretty corn-fields?



*Jane.* So it is, Edgar; but I liked home better, because papa and mamma were with us then, and, they were so good and indulgent, that we were always happy.

*Edgar.* Yes, sister, so we were. But I think my uncle must be very happy too, with so many good things around him, and such a fine house.

Master Edgar little thought that his uncle, though thus surrounded with seeming plenty and luxury, was a stranger to all felicity; for he was very wicked, and had, therefore, no internal comfort, in which consists the larger part of happiness. He passed his days in idleness; he seldom read his Bible, or any good book; nor did he attend any place for divine worship, which might be one reason why he continued so wicked. His amusements even were barbarous: he was very fond of cock-fighting, and such inhuman diversions. Eating and drinking, merely for

the indulgence of appetite, was his great delight; and he would pass half his days in playing at cards. Though he possessed a great deal of money, he was so extravagant, and ordered so many more things than he had money to pay for, that he felt constantly the distress of poverty, and was unjust because he did not pay his debts. And here, my young friends, I have, with sorrow, placed before you the character of a very wicked man, and shown you what it was that led him to the horrid crime of *intended murder*. You will, I am sure, turn from the picture with aversion; yet, I wish you to dwell upon it sufficiently, to avoid similar faults yourselves.

Edgar and Jane, though very good children, still, like all other very young persons, they required from time to time, admonition from some wise friend. They had lost those tender parents that would have guided them to all good, and their uncle never heeded them;

whether they did well or ill, he regarded it not. So Jane would sometimes work, and sometimes would Edgar read to her, out of the pretty little books his father had formerly given them; but very often would they throw aside the work and the books, and run in the park all day with the deer. But these poor little children, had no one to remind them it was wrong to be idle, so they were not so much to blame as those who act ill notwithstanding they receive good counsel.

Their uncle's estate, from his negligence and extravagance, was going quite to ruin. His land was no longer fruitful, as formerly, because it wanted proper culture; and, in consequence of all this, his income was considerably lessened. He often meditated on some way in which he could get money: and, from his wicked deeds, having lost the favour of the Almighty, and being no longer under the guidance of his grace, what wicked thought

do you think was permitted to enter his head? The shocking one of murdering the pretty little children, of whom he was guardian, that he might possess their fortune. Now, instead of instantly repressing this horrid thought, he indulged it, paused upon it, revolved it in his mind, and, at length, determined to put in execution the barbarous suggestion of this dark moment. How bad, how wicked may man become, if forsaken by an offended God! Mark this example of mortal depravity. He was at first idle, extravagant, and now is ready to commit murder. He resolves to do it, but to conceal his cruelty, he told his wife, and all his acquaintance, that he would send his little nephew and neice to a relation of his in London, that they might be there educated. The children were very happy in the expectation of this journey, for their uncle said they should go on horseback, and at the sight of the horses they rejoiced

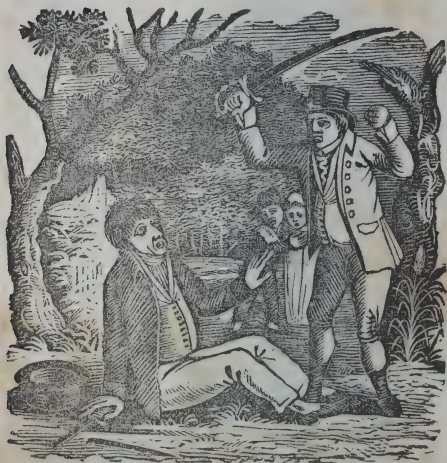
exceedingly. But this cruel man had hired two ruffians to execute the barbarous deed which he had planned. With these two frightful men then did little Edgar and Jane



set out. All the way they were merry, and their innocent prattle and gentle behaviour began to soften the hearts of these two ruffians, named Ned and Dick, and they repented that

they had engaged to murder them. Yet Dick said that he would do it, as he had been paid largely by their uncle. Ned had likewise received as much money, but he declared he would not do this wicked deed.

Now they had travelled all day, and it was sun-set when they entered a thick wood. They left their horses at the entrance of the wood, and walked some distance through several narrow winding paths, Ned and Dick quarrelling all the way, because that one would, and the other would not, murder these poor children. At last they fought, and Ned being the strongest, killed his adversary. (*see next page.*) Trembling with fright, little Edgar and Jane beheld the shocking battle. The contest ended—the ruffian who had with furious blows, murdered his companion, returned to the children, and bade them cry no more. Taking them by the hand, two long miles he led them on. Poor babes! the ruffian now



resolved to leave them in the dismal forest, to perish with cold and hunger. They often asked him for food: at length he said he would fetch them some. So he left them, telling them to wait for his return; but it was not his intention to return: so, in vain, did little Edgar and Jane wander up and down the thick



wood to look for Ned. At one time they sat down and repeated the following verses:

Why, O my soul, why thus deprest,  
And whence this anxious fear?  
Let former favours fix thy trust,  
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
And press'd on every side  
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,  
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave:  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save,

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,  
He'll reinstate my peace;  
For he, who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count his mercies o'er:  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,  
And whence this anxious fear?  
Let former favours fix thy trust,  
And check the rising tear

Here will I rest, and build my nopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My health, my life, my God!

Arising from their mossy seat, they walked again in search of Ned, but, alas! he was not to be seen. In vain did they call upon him to come and bring them food: Cruel creature! he was quite gone from the poor helpless babes.



Hand in hand they wandered in the dismal forest, picking blackberries from many a bush to satisfy keen hunger, till dark night drew on, and they sunk exhausted on the ground.

They had not lain many minutes, when an old woman hapened to pass that way. She was very poor, and had been spinning all day to get a few hard earned pence, and had come out in the dusk of the evening to collect some sticks to make her fire. She saw these children. (*See title page.*) "What merciless wretch," she exclaimed, "has left these little innocents thus to perish! Whoever it is, their wicked purpose shall be defeated, for I will take them home, I will warm them by my fire, I will feed them with my supper."

Ye rich and ye affluent, who sometimes neglect to do good, take an example from this poor woman: see, though so poor, she can show pity, and perform a deed of charity.

As the old woman was passing along with

the children, Ned, the ruffian, passed them. He was returning into the wood to seek these babes, for though he had intended to let them perish, he had not resolution to do so: but when he saw they had found protection, he passed silently on, and the children being senseless, no one knew him. He determined however, to stay for two or three days in the neighbouring village, that he might see what became of these little orphans, which he accordingly did. Now the good woman took them to her little cot; there she cherished them, warmed them, fed them, and, being too poor to support them wholly herself, she got admittance for them into the school of industry, which was in the village near her. This school was supported by the bounty of all the wealthy families in the parish. Here little Edgar and Jane were taken good care of; they were well instructed, and taught to be very good and very industrious. They were con-

sidered as very poor children, and so really they were now. Jane learned to read, to write, to work, to knit, and to spin: and Edgar was taught to read, to write, and to be a gardener. One Sabbath-day a charity sermon was preached for the benefit of this school, and here is the pretty hymn which some of the children sang.

### *HYMN.*

To Thee, Almighty God and King,  
For Thy paternal care,  
To Thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,  
In homage, praise, and prayer;  
For friends and favour we rejoice,  
And ev'ry mercy giv'n,  
In grateful sounds we raise our voice,  
To thank the God of Heav'n.

The bounteous man, who spreads his store,  
Is favour'd in Thy sight.  
Crown him with treasure ever more,  
And bless the widow's mite.  
Our lot in life, mark'd out by Thee,  
With joy will we pursue,  
Oh, may we all Thy goodness see!  
Each day Thy praise renew.

Tho' poor in honour, poor in place,  
Oh make us still Thy own!  
That, rich in virtue, rich in grace,  
We may approach Thy throne.  
We sin in thought, in word, in deed,  
Yet, nope shall never cease,  
While our Redeemer's merits plead  
For pardon and for peace.

The children at this school were taught to be very, very good; and the masters and instructors took so much care of them, that they were very happy. Little Edgar and Jane remained here quite concealed from all their former friends; and, as they were supposed to be no longer inhabitants of this world, their wicked uncle became possessor of all their fortune: but as he acquired his riches unjustly and cruelly, he could not enjoy them, for his guilty conscience always tormented him.— If his friends came to visit him, he was not cheerful enough to amuse them; and at night, when he retired to rest, he was afraid to close his eyes for then frightful dreams presented

themselves to his imagination. In his sleep he thought he saw the ruffians stabbing the two infants who had been left under his care, while they, poor children, clung to him for protection, which he inhumanly refused. Sometimes he dreamed that the wrath of God punished him for his wickedness, by depriving him of all his wealth, his house, his lands, and his money, so that he was brought to extreme indigence, and even implored his daily subsistence of the passing crowd; and that his children did not exist to succour him in this wretched situation. At present this was only a dream, but soon, very soon, he suffered in reality what his guilty conscience had so often terrified him with in sleep; and though he now felt the displeasure of Almighty God, he neither repented, nor ever prayed for forgiveness. He possessed a great deal of land that produced plentiful crops of corn and hay. Harvest was now just over, and his barns entirely



filled, for the season was remarkably fine and hot. One night, during this sultry weather, the sky darkened and a dreadful storm arose. Incessantly the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. As he could not sleep, he was walking about his room very much agitated, when he beheld, with terror and amazement, the fire from heaven fall on the thatched roofs of his barns, and consume in a few hours the vast store he had collected with such anxiety.

Winter approached and brought a severe frost, and as all his out-houses, his corn, and his hay were burned by the lightning, his cattle were now exposed, without food or shelter, to the inclemency of the season, so they all perished in the fields. Having lost so much of his fortune, he was obliged to send his sons from home. A merchant in Portugal, promised to employ them, and they set sail with the hope of being his clerks; but the vessel had not left the coast of England, when it struck

on a fatal rock, and these unfortunate boys perished on the wreck amidst the dashing waves. When their wicked parent received the news of their death, he gave himself up to despair, and instead of being resigned to the punishment inflicted by heaven, and exerting himself as an honest and prudent man would have done, to retrieve his fortune, he extravagantly spent the remainder of his money. His guilt, together with the misfortunes that had befallen him, as a punishment for his wickedness, prevented him from settling in any business, so continued idleness soon brought him to the extreme of poverty. He mortgaged his land, and when he had expended this sum for his daily subsistence, he pawned his watch, and some of the fine clothes he had worn when he was a rich man. Now, that he had nothing more to support himself, he contracted still larger debts, which he could never discharge; so his creditors put him in

prison and here he ended his days miserably, without a friend to comfort him, or relieve his distress. Thus it pleased Almighty God that he should suffer! Wickedness, even in this world, seldom goes unpunished, though goodness does not always meet with its reward on earth.

The ruffian Ned, who had left poor little Edgar and Jane in the forest, had generally lived by plunder. He had robbed many a traveller of his money, and pursued this course of life for a long time undiscovered: but at length he was brought to justice, and condemned to die for the last robbery he had committed. Soon after his sentence was pronounced, he confessed how wicked he had been, and that he had been hired to murder poor little Edgar and Jane. He then related the circumstances of their journey, and that he left them alone in a forest to perish; but that some old woman had found them, and placed them in a parish

school. This account affected the judge, and all who stood round very much. The ruffian, as he went to the gallows, appeared very penitent for all the bad actions of his past life. He exhorted his companions, whom he was leaving in prison, to avoid in future, if they were acquitted, those crimes for which he acknowledged that he was receiving a justly merited punishment. After praying earnestly to be forgiven all his sins, he ascended the scaffold, and soon entered an endless eternity.

The wicked uncle, who we before said was imprisoned for debt, and who died in his confinement, having left no child to heir his encumbered estate, Edgar and Jane whom the ruffian Ned had publicly, and with his dying breath declared, were put into the parish school, were enquired for, found, brought forth into the world, and put in possession of *Bashaw Park*, which soon changed its name for that of *Happy Dell*. Here they long lived

in uninterrupted peace. The rich loved them for their goodness and courteousness, the poor blessed them for their charity and kindness; and the poor old woman who had formerly placed them in the School of Industry, they took home, and repaid the service she had done them, by shewing her unremitting kind attentions to the last day of her life.

Industry is the best security from vice, for those who are idle always meet with bad companions: be diligent then, and you will rarely be tempted to do wrong. Honesty is likewise the best policy; be just therefore, to all; for it is virtue alone will make you beloved, esteemed, and truly respected through life.

And now my little readers, having made these reflections, and I hope, impressed upon your minds the truth of them, by the foregoing history, I will only detain you while I repeat a pretty hymn, which was given to Edgar and Jane in the School of Industry.

They were one day rather unhappy; they were thinking of their good father and mother whom they had lost, and of their uncle's fine house, and of the pleasant walks which they used to have in his park amongst the deer, and these recollections made them shed some sorrowful tears. One of the masters observed their affliction, and kindly gave them this pretty hymn, which contains comfort for earthly grief, by directing our hopes to eternal joys. Now here it is, on the next page.



*H Y M N.*

Eternal Ruler! Mighty Pow'r,  
Thou God of Peace in sorrow's hour;  
Whene'er the heart affliction knows,  
From thee unceasing comfort flows.

Supremely good; then let us pray,  
The God who gives and takes away,  
To make us own him just and wise,  
When earthly blessings he denies.

No longer then let transient joy,  
Our thoughts and fondest hopes employ,  
But teach our hearts thy will divine,  
That bids us earth for heaven resign.

And when our clay resigns its breath,  
And falls to dust in silent death,  
May the blest spirit soar above,  
To praise the God of Peace and Love.

Edgar and Jane learned this pretty hymn, and often repeated it, as I hope you will all do; and when raised to prosperity, greater than they had ever expected, they still remembered that earthly joys were uncertain, and they directed their hopes and wishes to that world where bliss is lasting and eternal.

F I N I S .



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